

THE LEISURE HOUR.

A FAMILY JOURNAL OF INSTRUCTION AND RECREATION.

"BEHOLD IN THESE WHAT LEISURE HOURS DEMAND,—AMUSEMENT AND TRUE KNOWLEDGE HAND IN HAND."—*Couper.*



ARRIVAL AT BOSTON.

1776.

A TALE OF THE AMERICAN WAR OF INDEPENDENCE.

CHAPTER XII.—THE QUAKER FAMILY.

ALLOWING for the advance which most towns, and especially those of America, have made in the last hundred years, Boston was at the time of our story as notable a city as it is at present. One of the oldest towns on Massachusetts Bay, and by far the largest and best built in all the New England

provinces, it was virtually their metropolis—the emporium of their commerce, the high place of their fashion, and the home of their best society. Then, as well as now, Boston might have been called the Athens of the western world, from the acknowledged intelligence of its inhabitants, and the general cultivation of arts and letters. It might also have been called the nursery of American freedom, for in Boston began the first movements of the revolution. An ultra-royalist officer justly described it from his

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own point of view, in a letter to one who was destined to command the American army before its walls, and in many a famous field besides—to no other than George Washington: "This town is full of rank Whigs, stark mad for independency and the paying of no taxes to the king."

Such was the character of the provincial capital when Delamere and his party, after journeying over rough country roads, and resting at country inns, rode into what is now called Old Boston, but was then the entire city; for as yet its handsome suburbs with their many communicating bridges were not, and it stood alone on the almost insulated promontory, rising above the bay in three distinct heights, from which the town had its ancient name of Tremont, and united to the mainland by the narrow isthmus known as Boston Neck. Yet, even then, its public buildings were as stately and substantial, its streets as densely built and intricate, as those of many a European town that had been centuries old before John Blackstone, the first settler, built his solitary hut on the peninsula they covered. There was no lack of well-filled mansions in the thoroughfares of business, or of family mansions in the great space called Boston Common; but the squire and his company took a seaward direction and rode straight into Harbour Street—so named from its situation, and the extensive view of port and shipping that could be had from its windows. There they drew bridle before the largest house, a mansion of three storeys—the lower of stone, the two upper of timber—with the street-door in one of its high-pointed gables, and arms of its first owner, a ship in full sail, with the pious motto, "My safety cometh from the Lord," quaintly carved above it. That house had been the wonder of the colony when it was built by one of Delamere's ancestors on the maternal side, some years before the accession of James II, and though old-fashioned at the time of which we speak, it was still considered a comfortable and very genteel residence.

The locality is altered in aspect and in name; the house built by Delamere's ancestor has been swept away long ago by the march of civic improvement; but it was a pleasant sight for those weary travellers from the banks of the Connecticut, whom the fall of the winter evening had brought to their journey's end, to see the warm red light streaming from its windows, and its door hospitably opened to receive them. Out of it stepped a man in the broad-brimmed hat and drab suit of Penn's people, the common designation of American Quakers at the time, and they knew him to be Jacob Stoughton. "Friend Delamere, thou art welcome, thou and all that are with thee," he said, heartily shaking the squire's hand. "Is this thy daughter? How fair and goodly she hath grown up! My young friend, I am glad to see thee!" and he shook hands with Constance too. "And this thy housekeeper? Friend Hannah, thou art very welcome for thine own as well as thy friend's sake; it is many a year since that stormy night when I found shelter in thy dwelling in the woods beside Lake Michigan. Come in," he continued, after some equally kind words to Philip and the man in charge of the pack-horses, the only part of the company of whom he had no previous acquaintance; "ye have all need of rest, and our helps will look after everything." The family had come to the door to bid them welcome, though the evening was intensely cold; they were introduced in Quaker

fashion, and the difference of manners and customs was curiously illustrated by Delamere's stately bows and complimentary greetings, not to speak of his daughter's genteel curtseys in response to, "This is Rachel, my wife; this is Susanna, our daughter; and this is friend Caleb Sewell, my partner in business, who has always lived with us."

In the Stoughtons' house there was none of the excitement and bustle incidental to arrivals in the homes of the world, by which comprehensive term the Friends denoted all beyond the pale of their society; everything was done quietly; yet never did travellers receive more kindly attentions. They were shown to their rooms—right comfortable quarters, well lighted and warmed, and supplied with every convenience for wiping off the effects of a long and wintry journey, including a hot posset for every one of them. It was not long till the three, who had sat together for many a year at the Elms, the squire, Constance, and Hannah, were seated at the well-spread supper-table, where Jacob said silent grace and his family gathered round.

Delamere had become acquainted with him years before, through Squire Archdale, whose calm wisdom and liberal mind had a charm for the worthy Quaker, though few of his people ever formed friendships with "men of the world." Constance remembered to have seen him occasionally at the Plantation, but his wife, his daughter, and his partner were unknown to both her father and her till that evening. Jacob was a man more of Archdale's type than Delamere's, but thinner and older than either of them, for though yet hale and upright, his face had the paleness of advanced age, and his hair was as white as snow. His wife resembled him in a remarkable degree; one would have taken them for brother and sister, and both must have been eminently handsome in their youth, for they had those finely-moulded features which, of all human beauties, suffer least from the ravages of time. Susanna, their daughter, had inherited the same perfect grace of Nature's sculpture, but in her it was matched with a complexion of such dazzling fairness without tint or tinge of the rose, that it reminded one of Parian marble, and gave to the face and figure, especially when in repose, a statuesque and scarcely living look; and the effect was heightened by the colour of her long and abundant hair, flax threaded with silver, as if the whiteness of her parents' age had descended on her youth, for they had married late in life, and Susanna was not quite eighteen. Thus, near to Constance in age, she was much of the same height and figure; but the dark lustrous hair, the rosy bloom, and the youthful animation of the squire's daughter were advantageously contrasted with the colourless beauty of the young Quakeress, which would have been lifeless too, but for her large blue eyes, softly bright and changeful as the evenings of spring, and yet they had a weary look at times, like that of one early destined to a better world.

Caleb Sewell was the young man of the house; by all appearance he had not yet advanced beyond thirty. His father had been Jacob Stoughton's partner in business, but he and his wife died while their son was yet a child, and left him and his portion to Jacob's care. The trust had been faithfully and kindly discharged. Caleb was brought up in the Stoughtons' house, became Jacob's partner in process of time, and was to be his successor in business; yet nobody could be more unlike the friends

with whom he lived. About the middle size and fresh-coloured, though of rather a brown complexion, his frame and features were cast in a coarser mould than theirs. From his short, dark, and straightly-brushed hair to his shoe-strings, Caleb had a look of method and precision that was astonishing to see. There was in his face a sturdy seriousness that would not hesitate to speak its mind or do censor's work, if occasion required. He was a stiff subject, and not likely to conquer hearts, but he was also an honest, trustworthy man in every sense, and a devoted member of the Society of Friends.

The entire household held hard by the original principles and practice of their sect, which time has somewhat modified in both America and England. They eschewed not only the pomps and vanities, but the manners and customs of the world. All human titles, being reckoned of heathenish origin, were discarded from their vocabulary; the days of the week had no names on the same account, but were spoken of by their numbers, first, second, and the like; the Christmas and Easter of the Episcopalian Church, and the thanksgiving week of the Presbyterians, passed alike unacknowledged by them. All profane literature, especially works of imagination, were snares and devices of the enemy, which found no place in their rather limited library. Music and dancing were still more certain conductors on the downward way. The economy of their home was consequently never upset by balls or parties; and play-going, under any pretext, was a business not to be mentioned. All manner of their age's finery, from hoops to tuckers, was avoided by the ladies, so was every description of head-dress, except the plain cap and plainer hood. The gentlemen had nothing to do with powder or ruffles, buttons or buckles; the laced-waistcoat and cocked-hat were equally left to the vain world. Neither man nor woman made up for the absence of gay colours by the richness of material—homespun cloth and linen not over fine had been their wear before a non-importing association was thought of, and they continued to form their wardrobe still. These were unfamiliar ways to the Delameres, accustomed though they were to the well-regulated and sober life of New England; but looking on the pleasant, cheerful parlour, where everything, from the wainscoted walls to the white table-linen, glistened with stainless purity and polish in the ruddy hearthlight, and on the placid faces, which from youth to age showed no trace of outward trouble or inward care, the squire especially felt—for he had come to the time when such things strike us—that his friends in drab had cast away but the chaff and kept the wheat of life, and that a heart weary with the world's falsehood and turmoil might find a haven of rest in the Quaker's home.

They kept earlier hours in that house than at the Elms. Early to bed, they were all astir next morning before the dawn of the day. There was no idle time in the Stoughtons' dwelling, neither was there haste or overwork, every one of the household was occupied: Jacob and Caleb in the concerns of the business, which was not only to be transferred to the sole management of the latter, but also from Boston to Philadelphia, whither the family were going; Jacob's wife in domestic preparations for the removal, in works of charity among the neighbouring poor, and in the affairs of the Society, for friend Rachel was one of its preachers.

Susanna did most of the needlework and knitting. She had not been accustomed to woodland walks or long gallops over hill and dale like Constance. The Stoughtons had always lived in town, and as people did not move about in that generation as they do now, the ladies of the family had seen but little of the country. Moreover, Susanna's health was delicate from her childhood; she rarely went out in the winter, but would sit for hours close by the stove, marking linen, knitting gloves and stockings, and writing long letters to her cousins in Philadelphia. Of a meek and gentle disposition, and unacquainted with the "people of the world," she was shy with Constance at first; but the squire's daughter was naturally agreeable, easy, and unselfish, a girl who would do her part anywhere, in work or play, and had sense enough to respect and esteem good people, however their manners and modes of thought might differ from those to which she had been accustomed.

So the young people became good friends, and in some degree took to each other's ways. Constance learned to sit and work more than she had done at home; Susanna learned to go out more than she had done in former winters. They had walks about the town and sleigh rides into the country with Philip, when the weather permitted; when it did not, they found subjects of mutual interest to talk about over the needlework, or read such books as were admitted into the Quaker family.

Constance had little of her father's company, and so had the Stoughtons. He had taken an early opportunity to call on the governor. Royalists of his stamp were not numerous in New England. His offer to serve the king was accepted in the most flattering manner. He was presented with a major's commission in a regiment newly raised in Canada, and appointed to a place on the governor's staff. The squire's pride was gratified by these marks of governmental esteem, and the man of note they made him in the eyes of all subalterns. His old military inclinations came strongly back upon him in his downhill and solitary days, and something of his youth seemed to come with them. He found old friends, too, in the Canadian regiment and among the British garrison in Castle Williams; men with whom he had served long ago, when Archdale and he were comrades in arms for the same cause. The necessary attendance on his official duties, the company in the mess-room with their loyal toasts and speeches, and an occasional talk over old times and adventures with a brother officer beside the evening fire, occupied Delamere's time, and were more after his own heart than the quiet, serious ways of the Quaker family. He never failed to show them respect and gratitude, and offered more acknowledgments than they would accept for their kindness to him and his. He allowed no day to pass without a call, however brief, to see, as he expressed it, how his girl was behaving herself; but the squire, in common with the officers of the Crown and the people of Boston, got weightier matters to think of before that dreary December came to its end.

CHAPTER XIII.—STRANGE DOINGS IN BOSTON.

THROUGHOUT all England and English-peopled territory the eighteenth century, especially its latter half, was the reign of tea. The costly leaf, as it might well be called, when, according to Mrs. Delaney, good tea could be obtained only at thirteen shillings

the pound, was identified with gentility, with letters, in short, with good society in general. It enlivened Mrs. Montagu's blue parties and the antiquarian Wednesdays of Sir Hans Sloane. It smoothed for the moment the ruggedness of Johnson's temper, for it is on record that he never insulted anybody so completely at tea as he did at dinner. It almost charmed away the clouds that darkened over Cowper's genius, and was even said to mollify the royal stiffness of old Queen Charlotte. By moralists of or for the humbler classes, tea was dreaded and denounced as a cause of extravagance more ruinous than the love of finery is supposed to be in our generation; for, like the latter, its dominion was over the fair sex, and it was held in special horror by husbands and fathers as the temptation which cottage beauty could not resist.

How strangely are the small and great of human affairs linked to each other. "The cup which cheers but not inebriates," as Cowper sings, became, under the management of selfish and short-sighted politicians, the wedge which split for ever the connection of England and her American colonies. The question at issue between them for many a year had virtually been the right of a people to govern and tax themselves by their elected representatives. That right had been long established in the old country; its infraction brought Charles I to the scaffold, and yet by one of those eclipses which prove the fallibility of human judgment, in national as well as individual cases, neither the English people, the English parliament, and still less the English king, appeared to see that what was wrong on the one side of the Atlantic could not be right on the other. Ministry after ministry had attempted to impose duties on every consumable article, and taxes under every pretext, till the Homespun Wearing and Non-importing Association had banished British manufactures and British merchandise from the American markets. Then Lord North and his royal master resolved to try the tea temptation on a whole people, and satisfy the East India Company, whose complaints were both loud and deep, for their warehouses were filled to overflowing with the expensive store; so they abolished all the taxes they had never got paid, and allowed tea to be shipped to the American ports at one-fourth of the duty charged upon it in England. The Tories on both sides of the Atlantic were enraptured with this gracious and liberal policy, which they thought must silence the discontent of every province from Maine to Georgia. But the American people were not to be won by the bait which caught village belles and pretty wives in the old country; they stood by the right of self-taxation, would pay no duty imposed by the English parliament, nor suffer the taxed tea to be landed on their shores. So when three ships laden with it cast anchor in Boston Harbour it was evident to men of all parties that the gauntlet had been thrown down, and nothing but a trial of strength could be expected.

Never did tea create such a ferment in any town. Public meetings were held and patriotic speeches made in every direction. There were gatherings of the populace round the Tree of Liberty on the Common, and assemblies of the municipal authorities in the Town Hall. The tea was the theme of discourse in the market-place and on the wharfs, at the corners of streets and by family firesides. It gave occasion for a fair exchange of abuse between the Whigs and Tories; proved the cause of many a bitter quarrel

between old neighbours, and of sundry stand-up fights among the less cultivated of the population. Still the three ships rode at anchor, and the people most to be sympathised with were their captains and crews. The town-council would not allow them to land a chest of their cargoes; the civil governor would not sign the permit, without which they could not leave the harbour, though deputation after deputation of the citizens waited upon him for that purpose; but his Excellency escaped their importunities at last by going quietly out of town.

As the law then stood, in American ports a ship was allowed but twenty days to discharge her cargo under any circumstances; if undischarged at the expiration of that time, it became the property of the government; and with that double-dealing which is the sure characteristic of weak administrations, and as surely brings upon them public hatred and contempt, the men in power at St. James's, and their deputies in Massachusetts, were bent on getting possession of the rejected tea, and thus obtaining a swindler's triumph over the American patriots, by having it sold and distributed throughout the land at their pleasure or convenience.

Jacob Stoughton's house was perhaps the only dwelling in all the town of Boston where the tea question made but little din. The worthy merchant had taken no part in the public agitation of his time, though he believed the American cause to be just. Jacob, in common with the primitive Quakers, held that resistance to constituted authority, or even to take arms in self-defence, was not lawful for a Christian.

His partner, Caleb, maintained the contrary opinion, for he was a Williamsite—that is to say, a disciple of brave old Roger Williams, who was banished from Massachusetts in the persecuting time, when its Puritan inhabitants considered the Indian incursions a special judgment upon them for not enforcing the laws against Quakers,—and who in his banishment founded the colony of Rhode Island, and in his old days took up arms to defend it against the French and their Indian allies. Notwithstanding the external formality that appears in the Society of Friends, their rejection of dogmatic teaching and belief in inward light allow larger scope for individual opinion on many points than can be found in any other body. Thus, Jacob and his partner agreed to differ; and neither being disputatious, the perturbation outside found no echo at board or hearth.

Friend Rachel concerned herself about nothing but spiritual or domestic things. Susanna followed her mother's example, and so it came to pass that the squire's daughter knew what was stirring only by the chance words she heard in the streets, or read on the public placards, which were quickly torn down. Major Delamere—he rather preferred the military title—was so boiling over with loyal indignation at the ingratitude of the Boston people for the favours showered upon them by king and parliament that he did not care to trust himself in such unsympathising company as the Stoughtons, and was, moreover, engrossed by some new fortifications they were getting up at Castle Williams. Constance therefore saw little of him, and the above-mentioned intimations had been lost to her for some days. The weather was bad, with a keen north-easterly wind, and heavy showers of sleet and snow, which terminated at length in the usual hard, clear frost.

Mrs. Stoughton and Susanna had both caught a

bad cold; but the former had, in Quaker phrase, a great concern on her mind regarding a poor sickly widow and her four young children, who lived in a humble street at the opposite end of the town, and she had reason to fear they might be in sore distress. A long walk on a fine frosty day was no difficulty to a girl brought up at the foot of Mount Holyoke; and Constance cheerfully volunteered to go with her faithful page, Philip, and look after the widow.

They started early in the afternoon, Philip carrying a basket well filled with things helpful to the poor family; but when they reached what had been the widow's residence, she and her children had removed to cheaper lodgings, the direction of which their former neighbours could not clearly point out, and a good deal of time was lost in attempts to find them. They were found at last, however; and Constance and her page turned homewards rather tired, but glad at heart, for they had been instrumental in relieving great necessity, and were bearing back the blessing of the widow and the fatherless to friend Rachel.

The early night of December was falling fast. Boston, like most towns before the discovery of gas, was but dimly lighted; and trusting to their knowledge of its old intricate streets, they took what seemed to them a short cut, in order to reach home before it grew quite dark.

The lanes and by-ways through which they passed were quiet enough, or rather appeared deserted, for there was nobody to be seen, and very few lights in the houses; but as they walked rapidly on, sounds of hurrying feet and mingled voices, like those of a great multitude, rose before them, and, turning out of a narrow alley, they found themselves close by Faneuil Hall, in Dock Square.

Here lady and page stood fairly bewildered at the scene which burst upon them.

The great square was filled with a crowd that swayed and surged like the waves of a stormy sea. The great building, which comprehended a market-house and a town-hall, was lighted from ground-floor to roof; every door and window stood wide open in defiance of the frosty night, and they were jammed with eager listeners. On steps, on rails, wherever foot-hold or hanging-on room could be found, the people clustered like bees in the swarming time. That evening the public excitement had reached its height; a meeting of leading patriots was held in Faneuil Hall, long after known as the nest of the revolution, and the townspeople were gathered within and without to hear the proceedings; for, with the last stroke of midnight, the twenty days allowed to the laden ships would expire, and the British governors must have their own way on the morrow. Not knowing what to think or do, Constance and Philip stood still together. To cross the crowded square was simply impossible, and they knew no other way to get home.

Suddenly the crowd stood stock still too, and a breathless silence fell on the gathered thousands. They saw a figure rise in the open hall above, and the deep, distinct voice of Samuel Adams said, in tones that every man could hear, "This meeting can do no more for the country."

"We can throw the cause of its trouble overboard," said a voice without, no less loud and clear; it made Constance start as if she had heard a trumpet-blast; for that voice had spoken to her in softer tones beside the Connecticut. But was that an Indian yell that fol-

lowed it? She had no time to think; the meeting and the crowd were breaking up now, and in trying to avoid their homeward rush, Philip and herself were driven into the very midst of a band of Mohawks in full array, hatchets, scalping-knives, war-paint and all.

The red men of that handsome but ferocious tribe were no rare sights at the time in Massachusetts, especially in the western parts of the province.

Constance and her page, in their own extensive rambles, had frequently seen their hunting parties passing through the Holyoke woods, or over the fords of the Connecticut; but both were struck with terror to find themselves in the midst of so large a body of Indians. Before they could retreat, the chief of the band caught Constance by the arm; but she knew the voice that said in her ear, "This is a terrible place for you, Constance; come with me, and don't be afraid; I am Sydney Archdale."

"Oh, Sydney, have you gone to live among the Indians?" said the bewildered girl.

"They are not Indians, but Minute Men of my company. Come along; follow us, Philip, my boy, if you can." He drew her arm into his, and with the other warded off the pressure of the crowd, till they reached an arched passage between the warehouses which occupied that side of Dock Square. An old negro, with a lantern in his hand, stood in the opening, to whom Sydney said, "See them safe to the top of Harbour Street," and then whispered to Constance, "Get home as quickly as you can, but say nothing to anybody of our meeting here; and if you hear any noise in the night give no alarm, but look out towards the old wharf, for I know your window commands it. Good-night!" He pressed her hand to his lips in the old fervid fashion, and the next moment was lost in the crowd beyond.

Without a word the negro conducted them to an iron gate at the farther end of the passage; this he opened with a key and locked again behind them. That negro was the watchman of the warehouses, but neither Constance nor Philip could ever retrace the network of lanes and alleys through which he led them to the top of Harbour Street, and having thus fulfilled his orders, he stayed not for thanks or acknowledgment, but walked away in unbroken silence.

Constance had just time to warn Philip against mentioning the encounter in Dock Square, when they met Caleb Sewell on his way to search for them. He was the man in all household emergencies of the Stoughtons. They had been rather alarmed by the young people staying so late, but the widow's removal, and the time spent in looking for her new home, accounted for the delay to their entire satisfaction. There was no sign of the great meeting and the excited crowd in that quiet street. The evening meal was served, the evening prayers were said, and the Quaker family retired to rest at their accustomed hour. Constance was tired with the long hours of walking about Boston, but she could not sleep, her thoughts were occupied with Sydney Archdale. What business had he and his Minute Men in hand, and what did he mean by telling her if she heard any noise in the night to give no alarm, but look out towards the old wharf? "There was a time when Sydney would have spoken more plainly to me," she thought; "he is growing too great a man among the Whigs to have any confidence in his old companion now; maybe that it is only to be expected. My

father is a major in the king's service, hand in glove with General Gag), and everybody knows that men are changeable. Sydney may have seen somebody else. He was kind this evening, but ready enough to part with me."

She had reached this point in her melancholy musings, when the silence without was broken by sounds that came indistinct and muffled to her well-enclosed bedroom. Was that the noise of which Sydney had warned her? She rose hastily threw a warm cloak about her, stole to the window, drew the curtains, unbarred the shutter as quietly as possible, and looked out upon the night. It was cold and dark, as the nights of December are apt to be, but the old wharf seemed in a blaze of torchlight, so were the three tea-ships riding there at anchor. She could see their dark hulls and white rigging stand out more conspicuously than they did by day; and as her eye grew accustomed to the strange lurid lights and deep shadow, Constance saw that the wharf was filled with armed men—the very Mohawks she had got among in Dock Square! They stood there as fixed as trees in the red man's native forest. On the shore beyond a dense crowd had gathered; there were sounds of hurrying feet from all the neighbouring streets and lanes, but not a word or voice broke the silence of the night. There were sounds from the ships, too, like those of unloading. Men were busy there getting out the cargo, but it was not to land it. She heard the crack of hammers and breaking up timber, as chest after chest of the precious tea—for which many a poor wife in England sighed in vain—was burst open and emptied sheer over the bulwarks into the deep water of Boston Harbour, to be washed out by the next ebb-tide to the broad Atlantic. It was some time before Constance could clearly comprehend what was transacted almost before her eyes; and then the work came to an end, for all destruction is quickly done. The men who had executed it quitted the ships; the armed guard retired from the wharf; the crowd hurried away as voiceless as they came; and the old wharf, the harbour, and neighbourhood were left in the silence and darkness of a December midnight.

NATURAL HISTORY ANECDOTES.

AN AGED CANARY.

THOSE readers of the "Leisure Hour" who felt interest in the account of the "Happy Family," described in the December part of 1875 (p. 780), may like to hear about the eldest member of the family, "Canary Goldie," who attained the age of fifteen. He was hatched in the spring of 1861, in Edinburgh, and given to my mother by a lady now in India. His song was wonderful, he filled this large house with melody, and many cares were lightened and many hopes inspired by the rapturous delight of this sweet bird. Five years ago he had a very inflamed and painful leg. We thought he must have caught himself on something when flying about the room, and given himself a wrench when freeing himself. He was never allowed out afterwards. He suffered very much and lay on the floor of the cage. I bathed his leg with cold water, and he found such relief from this that he took the hint and frequently sat in his bath. He got quite well. Lately he showed signs of failing strength, and gradually grew feebler.

As if to deepen every association, he lived until the 25th January, and died on his beloved mistress's birthday.

I buried him in my mother's greenhouse at the root of a fuchsia-tree, the branches of which droop most beautifully over his grave. I do not know if fifteen is an unusual age for my canary. Some of my readers may have experience to throw light on the matter of the longevity of cage-birds. Of the age of parrots wonderful stories are told, but frequently without authentic dates.

J. B. C.

A TAME LEVERET.

With regard to other members of the "Happy Family" at the Anchorage, I may mention that to my great regret I found my leveret, "Luna," dead in her bed one morning in January. She was perfectly tame and quite happy. The cats were very kind to her, allowing her to jump into their box and lie down beside them. She was very thin, and, I fear, had not got proper food. She partook freely of carrots, turnips, cabbage blades, corn, and bread, and parsley was a great treat. But she lost her appetite sometimes, and evidently required herbs that I knew nothing about, and could not get for her. I had her about four months, or since the 11th of October. She was then about six weeks old. I grieve for the loss, as I particularly wished to have a hare amongst the Fauna of the Anchorage to remind me always of our gentle William Cowper and his dear "Puss."

"Luna" had a narrow escape from a cat soon after I got her. I had put her out for exercise, and, on looking out of the window some time afterwards to see how she was getting on, I saw the old rabbit, "Charlie," fighting, as I supposed, with "Pussie Effie," and knowing they were such friends it struck me as something very strange. I looked through an opera-glass, and behold, it was a wild cat, very close to the leveret, and "Charlie" in great excitement, biting this cat and striking out with his fore-paws. I ran to the rescue, found "Luna" nothing the worse, and of course "Charlie" has been considered a sort of wonder ever since. "Luna" soon was able to defend herself, and had plenty of spirit and courage.

J. B. C.

Berwick-on-Tweed.

BIRDS FOND OF MUSIC.

When I was about fourteen, I went with my parents to stay at a friend's house in the country during her absence. She left behind a grey parrot, always rigidly confined to its cage. The servant was obliged to put a stick through the cage to help herself to the can to replenish the poor bird's food. We took the charge of the bird on ourselves, in return for which he took the first opportunity to bite my mamma and elder sister. I then begged to have the care of him, and, pitying his imprisoned state, resolved to let him out—to their dismay. However, no harm came of it. Sitting close to the cage in the twilight, with the bird outside, I began to sing. Step by step he came nearer to me: I leant my head against the cage, and, to my delight, he came and nestled up to me. Presently I ventured farther: I took hold of him and put him in my lap, singing all the time. He was completely docile, and let me caress and handle him with impunity. After that I could always take him up when I liked, and put him in or out of his cage. But still, if mother or sister dared approach, he would bite them just as before.

I must add that I possessed a clear and sympathetic voice at that time, and sang gently to the bird, and also that birds and animals are almost always docile with me.

Since that I have owned a canary and two bullfinches, all of whom were fond of music. If I sang only, the bullfinches, if free, would dance to it, come to me, and kiss me. When I played also, canaries and bullfinches would all pipe up in chorus, and, if at liberty, perch about me, or on my head and shoulders, and strain their little throats as if their hearts were in the notes.

G. C.

OCTOPUS SWALLOWED BY A DOG-FISH.

The first octopus received at the Brighton Aquarium was caught in a lobster-pot at Eastbourne, in October, 1872, and great was the joy that reigned in "London-by-the-sea." For in the state of public feeling then existing, an aquarium without an octopus was like a plum-pudding without plums. Shareholders might construct a handsome building, and stock its magnificently gigantic tanks with a variety of most interesting fishes, but fashion and public opinion demanded of them a "devil-fish," and if they were unable to exhibit one, all other attractions were disregarded. The new octopus became "the rage." Visitors jostled each other, and waited their turn to obtain a peep at him—often a tantalising exercise of patience, for the picturesque rock-work in the tanks provided so many hiding-places, that, until these were partially filled with cement, the popular favourite only occasionally condescended to show himself. Poor fellow! his career was short, and his end sudden and shocking. During the interregnum between the death of my friend John Keast Lord and the appointment of a successor to him in the curatorship, it became necessary to clean out a tank in which were some "nurse-hounds," or "larger spotted dog-fishes" (*Scyllium stellare*). No hostility between them and the octopus being anticipated by their attendant, they were temporarily placed with it, and for a while they seemed to dwell together as peaceably as the "happy family" of animals that used to be exhibited in a travelling cage at the foot of Waterloo Bridge; the octopus usually remaining within the "cottage-by-the-sea," which he had built for himself in the form of a grotto of living oysters, and the dog-fish apparently taking no notice of him. But one fatal day (the 7th of January, 1873) the "devil-fish" was missing, and it was seen that one of the "companions of his solitude" was inordinately distended. A thrill of horror ran through the corridors; there was suspicion of crime and dire disaster. The corpulent nurse-hound was taken into custody, lynched and disembowelled, and his guilt made manifest; for there, within his capacious stomach, unmitigated and entire, lay the poor octopus who had delighted thousands during the Christmas holidays. It had been swallowed whole, and very recently, but life was extinct. "The dear devoured one," as a local journal called it, was at once immersed in methylated spirits; the dog-fish was stuffed. Both are still preserved at the Aquarium.*

TAMING ANIMALS

It used to be a matter of great interest and much conjecture how Mr. Rarey, the celebrated American, succeeded so admirably in his taming of wild, vicious horses. His mode of doing so was supposed to be a secret, and only imparted to his pupils on the consideration that he was paid for it, to which he was perfectly entitled. It appears to me that his system was founded mainly upon a firm will, but exercised with much feeling and kindness for the refractory animal; and curiously enough, his first attempt was generally successful, as the horse and he were afterwards on the most friendly terms. I may illustrate a case of similar treatment with regard to taming an animal much lower in the scale of creation than the horse, but the principle is the same. When I was very young, I determined to make a pet of one of a brood of large wild Malay (Cochin China) hens, nearly full grown, and reared on the farm. After some difficulty, I succeeded in catching one, whose struggles and screams were almost more than I could battle with, but I managed to carry it off to a cosey corner in an old haystack adjoining. Well do I remember her desperate but unavailing efforts to free herself from her equally determined gaoler. Being supplied with some grain, and with a good stock of patience, I set to work to tame my boisterous friend, whose struggles at first taxed my utmost strength. When she ceased her despairing efforts for liberty, we were both exhausted, and I tried the corn. But no; sulky and beaten, she would not look at it, nor until her small modicum of reason convinced her that I only wished to be friendly did she condescend to taste the grain. She at last pecked away most greedily, nor attempted to move when I ventured to take my hands off her. The time taken was about two hours altogether, but the taming was complete, she followed me like a dog, and after that day showed every sign of affection for me that you can suppose a hen capable of, turning and half-flying to meet me when I was in sight, and being totally unselfish with regard to mere feeding. She insisted at last, much to the annoyance of my good mother, in roosting upstairs in my bedroom, which she did every night till the end of her days. Alas! they were not long; her very tameness was her ruin; her plump, handsome body tempted a rascal to lift her and carry her off—never more to be seen—my beautiful and kindly pet hen. I had only one melancholy satisfaction long afterwards for my loss, for I discovered the thief, and to the best of my ability gave him a hearty thrashing.

J. F.

A WISE COLLIE.

An instance of peculiar sagacity in another pet of mine at this period seems wholly unaccountable. I had reared from a pup a shepherd's dog, a female, who, like many of this particular breed, showed remarkable intelligence, combined with the sweetest temper. She was an immense favourite in the family, but looked upon me especially as her master. I had occasion to leave home at that time, returning regularly at the end of two or three weeks, sometimes longer, but *always* on a Saturday. This could indicate nothing to the dog, unless his own reflections could calculate the days of the week, and no one had observed him leave the house except on such days as I returned. Be that as it may, as certainly as I came home did I find my friend waiting for me, sitting bolt upright at a turn of the road half a mile

* From "The Octopus, or Devil-Fish of Fiction and Fact." By Henry Lee, F.L.S., etc., Naturalist of the Brighton Aquarium. (Chapman and Hall.) Mr. Lee's book contains a most interesting account of the structure, habits, and history of that strange family of Cephalopods which prove such attractive members of marine Vivaria. No Aquarium is considered furnished without specimens of the Octopus and allied mollusca. Mr. Lee gives many facts about these animals, and amusingly criticises the wild fictions based on these facts, such as in the celebrated and sensational cave scene in Victor Hugo's "Toilers of the Sea."

from the house. When I appeared in sight she scampered with the speed of a steam-engine to meet me, loud in her rejoicings, and devouring me with her endearments.

J. F.

ANECDOTES OF DOGS.

Several anecdotes having appeared in the "Leisure Hour" about the sagacity of dogs, your readers may be interested in the following instances that have come under my own notice. First, as to a black retriever belonging to a wine merchant in Dawlish, on the coast of Devon. If any one in the street holds out a penny to the dog he will take it in his mouth and carry it to his master. The latter wraps the coin in paper and returns it to the dog, who walks off to the confectioner and lays the penny on the counter. The confectioner wraps a bun in paper and hands it to the dog, who carries it to his owner. "You may eat it," says his master—a feat very soon done. I have treated the dog to a bun in that way myself.

One or two more anecdotes have just occurred to me. My late father sent one of his female servants to carry some medicine to a sick parishioner. As she came home by a solitary road she saw a man following, and not knowing him in the twilight, she said to the dog who was with her, "Rollo, guard me!" The dog came to her side at once, looking back every now and then at the man and growling. The man proved to be the farmer living on Lord Devon's estate, close to the rectory.

The Vicar of Crediton, Devonshire, told me that a tramp came to his kitchen-door, and on being refused a donation, began to kick at the door. The house-dog looked on very quietly all the time; but the moment the man turned to go away, he seized him, and tore off part of his lower garment.

A gentleman living a mile and a half from Dawlish used to send his daughter to a day-school in the town. The young lady sometimes rode a pony, or at other times walked. After she had gone to the school two or three times by herself, a black retriever belonging to her father constituted himself her companion. He escorted her to the school, lay all day at the door, and guarded her home. I know the family, but the dog died last year.

W. B.

Whitstone Rectory.

SOME AUSTRIAN CELEBRITIES.

WHEN proposing to give portraits of some of the most notable men and master-minds of Europe, we little thought that one of the first group would have to be spoken of among the past. But so it is with Francis von Déák. He died on the 28th January, at Pesth. The loss of so true a patriot deeply touched the hearts of his countrymen, and awakened the regret of the wise and good in all parts of Europe. It was a graceful tribute to his memory when the Empress of Austria placed on his coffin a wreath with the inscription, "To Francis Déák—Queen Elizabeth."

Franz von Déák was one of those few statesmen of our age who seemed to be made of the same material as Cincinnatus was in antiquity, and George Washington in the eighteenth century. Born on the 17th of October, 1803, he spent his entire life for the good of his beloved Hungary. From 1832 till

1848 he was a member of all the consecutive Diets, and when a special ministry for the eastern half of the monarchy was formed, in 1848, Déák was appointed minister of justice. But being strictly a man of peace, he refused to follow the more fiery counsels of Kossuth, and seceded from the administration on the very eve of the revolution, in which he never took any part. During the whole of the Bach régime, which declared it to be Austria's mission "to carry German culture to the East," Déák left politics altogether, and devoted his undivided attention to the improvement of his estate at Kehida, and to non-political matters of public utility. At the time when Austria commenced to turn over a new leaf, Déák became the leader of the dynastic opposition in the Hungarian Diet, and it was he who insisted on the *non possumus* policy by which Hungary was enabled, six years later, to obtain all she claimed by means of the Act of Settlement of 1867. This settlement was achieved by the Déák party, to which every man of distinction in Hungary was proud to belong, whilst Déák himself was perfectly satisfied with the part of the prompter, and scrupulously forebore from becoming an actor in that great political drama. By this time Franz von Déák had entirely withdrawn from the stage of politics, and, like the great Roman of yore, took his especial delight in devoting the remaining years of an honoured life to the tilling of his own *paterna rura*, and to setting an example of abnegation and self-denial to the rising generation. Whatever may be the future of the Austrian Empire, the true line of statesmanship is the patriotic and moderate policy of which Franz von Déák set a noble example.

Count Julius Andrassy von Csik Szentkirályi and Kraszna-Horka has recently come to the front as a European diplomatist. He is still in the prime of life, being but fifty-two years of age, and consequently the youngest of all the foreign ministers of European powers—our own foreign secretary, Lord Derby, alone excepted. Count Andrassy's life has been an eventful one. His youth fell into the time of Prince Metternich's absolute sway over the Austrian empire, which, in the case of Hungary, was but very slightly mitigated by the occasional convocation of the Diet at Presburg. Count Andrassy acquired his political education in those days chiefly in the same way in which another great statesman of our age, the late Count Cavour, learnt to appreciate the value of constitutional liberty. He travelled for some considerable time in the free countries of Western Europe, and returned to his native country just on the eve of the convulsion in which almost the entire continent was plunged in 1848. Having joined in the revolution, which began in Hungary in the month of October in that year, he was appointed Magyar minister to the Sublime Porte, and after its suppression by Haynau and Paskievicz, Count Andrassy had to spend several years in exile. After the war of 1859 he returned to Hungary and became an active member of the Déák party in the Diet which was summoned by Count Goluchowski's October diploma of 1860. As a member of this and the subsequent Diet, he rendered great service to his country, and after the conclusion of the treaty of settlement between Austria and Hungary in 1867, he was appointed first prime minister of the kingdom of St. Stephen. From this position he withdrew in November, 1871, in order to

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FRANZ DÉAK.



COUNT BEUST.



COUNT ANDRÁSSY.



ARCHDUKE ALBRECHT.

take the place of first secretary of the entire monarchy just vacated by Count Beust. This position Count Andrassy has occupied ever since, and the manner in which he has discharged his duties has thus far reflected great credit both on himself and upon the Austro-Hungarian monarchy.

The Archduke Albert—or Albrecht, as he is named in German—is the foremost Austrian general of the present day, and it may well be said that he occupies this exalted position by right of inheritance. His father, the Archduke Charles, was at the head of the Austrian army during the whole of the wars of the French Revolution. It was he who, in 1796, defeated Carnot's leading general, Jourdan, at Stockach, and by this means compelled Moreau to make his celebrated retreat across the Rhine. It was the Archduke Charles who, in 1809, though himself defeated at Eckmühl, beat Napoleon at Aspern and Esslingen, and would have crushed him at Wagram but for the procrastination of the Archduke John, the same who became Vicar of the Empire in 1848. The Archduke Albert was born in 1817, and married in 1844 to the Princess Hildegarde, a daughter of the late King Ludwig I, of Bavaria. He saw his first service—the Austrian-Italian wars of 1848 and 1849—under the chief command of Marshal Radetzki. He distinguished himself in the war of 1859, but not until 1866 was a command-in-chief conferred upon him, when he acted as Austrian generalissimo in Venetia, and defeated the Italian army under Generals La Marmora and Cialdini at Custoza. After the disastrous result of the Bohemian campaign, the Archduke Albert was appointed general-in-chief of all the armies of the empire, but his further warlike career was interrupted by the conclusion of the treaty of Prague. The Archduke had at first two daughters, but the elder lost her life some years ago in a conflagration, and now there only remains the Archduchess Maria Theresa, who is married to the Duke Philip Alexander of Württemberg. The Archduke is more than a mere soldier. He is a thoughtful man, and is one of the props of an empire which in coming days, more than in the past, must rest on stronger support than that of the sword.

Count F. F. von Beust was born at Dresden in 1809. As a member of one of the principal noble families of Saxony, his place as a statesman was marked out for him almost from his earliest childhood, and his special aptitude for the management of public affairs raised him to the dignity of foreign secretary of the kingdom soon after the suppression of the Dresden insurrection in the spring of 1849. In this position, Baron Beust—as he was styled then—became the leader of the Conservative party in his native state, and one of the heads of the so-called middle party in Germany, which were in favour of a tripartite government of the confederation, or a "triad" consisting of Austria, Prussia, and the minor states. This tendency was pursued by Baron Beust with great energy and perseverance and with consummate ability, and so much were his extraordinary talents recognised by even his political opponents—such as the National Union and others—that they nicknamed him "The Whale in the Fishpond." Count Beust's policy was especially impugned and contended against by the most prominent of his antagonists, the then Baron Bismarck. In the course of the Danish war of 1864 he was deputed by the Frankfort Diet as its representative in the London

Peace Conference, which proved a failure. Beust was one of the mainsprings of the Anti-Prussian policy of the Frankfort Diet which ended in the war of 1866 and in the dissolution of that body. This war was in a great measure a duel between Bismarck and Beust, in which the former conquered. But so much had his political talents impressed the Emperor of Austria, that soon after the conclusion of the treaty of Prague Baron Beust was appointed chancellor of the Austrian empire, and later on created a Count. Between Count Beust in Austria and Franz Déák in Hungary, the so-called *Ausgleich*, or Act of Settlement, was concluded in 1867 and ratified by the Austrian Reichsrath and the Hungarian Diet. He has introduced judicious reforms in the government of the empire, and has shown himself an ardent promoter of civil and religious liberty. His eminent services have often been especially recognised by the Emperor, whom he accompanied to Paris on the occasion of the Universal Exhibition in 1867. Count Beust remained at the head of the Austrian Foreign Office until 1871, when he resigned, and was appointed ambassador to the Court of St. James's, which position he still honourably holds.

EARLY CIVILISATION.

BY GEORGE RAWLINSON, M.A., CAMDEN PROFESSOR OF ANCIENT HISTORY, OXFORD, AND CANON OF CANTERBURY.

III.—BABYLON.

THE advocates of an extreme antiquity for the commencement of civilisation and of settled monarchy in Egypt have sometimes endeavoured to bolster up their cause by alleging an equal or even a greater antiquity for the kingdom and civilisation of the Babylonians. It was evident to them that the world at large would not be persuaded that a single country stood in an entirely exceptional position; and that, while elsewhere the dawn of history could nowhere be dated much before B.C. 2000, in Egypt existing records carried us back a thousand, two thousand, or even three thousand years earlier. Accordingly the effort was made to find at least one other country which might keep Egypt company; and none seemed capable of being turned to such good account as Chaldea or Babylonia. Scripture spoke of a "kingdom" as set up in Babylon at a remoter period than its first notice of a kingdom in Egypt. Very curious and remarkable ruins of vast size and apparently great age were known to exist in the region; and above all, it was certain that the Babylonians themselves, when they first came into contact with the Greeks, laid claim to an antiquity as great or greater than that which was claimed for themselves by the Egyptians. A good case, it was thought, could be made out of these data; and the early origin of civilisation and settled government in Mesopotamia, resting on its own grounds of proof, would, it was concluded with reason, tend strongly to support the theory of an extreme antiquity for the same things in Egypt.

The best representative of the school of writers to whom we allude is the late Baron Bunsen. This learned scholar, but overbold speculator, having laid it down in the earlier part of his great work upon Egypt, that the commencement of monarchy there was about B.C. 3700, when he came to speak of Babylon, boldly asserted that a Chaldean kingdom was established there not much later than B.C. 4000,

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and even hinted at the earlier existence in the country of a Turanian monarchy, for the foundation of which the latest date that could be reasonably assigned was B.C. 7000!* In another place the "Chaldean era" in Babylon was definitely fixed to the year B.C. 3784, as if trustworthy materials existed for a complete and exact chronology at this early period!

It is difficult to understand on what grounds of proof this date of B.C. 3784 was supposed to rest. Some authorities† spoke of a Chaldean dynasty as having reigned at Babylon for two hundred and twenty-five years anterior to a date which probably corresponded to about B.C. 2286. These numbers, if viewed as historical, produce for the foundation of the Chaldean monarchy, not B.C. 3784, but B.C. 2511—nearly 1300 years later. A skillful manipulation of the authorities from whom we obtain Berosus' numbers might raise this date by about two hundred and thirty years;‡ but whence the other thousand are to be obtained it is very difficult to understand. We suppose they come from the dynasty of eighty-six kings, generally regarded as mythical, whose joint reigns covered, according to Berosus, the space of 34,080 years; though how they are got out of this number,|| or why this dynasty should be accounted historical, surpasses our powers of conjecture. As for the still earlier Turanian dynasty, to which we are invited to assign the date of B.C. 8000, or B.C. 7000 at the latest, we fail to see on what scrap of historical evidence it is based. Apparently, it rests wholly upon two arbitrary assumptions: one, that the Deluge happened exactly ten thousand years before the Christian era; and another, that the generations between Noah and Nimrod represent—each of them—periods of a thousand years.

Putting aside these wild and baseless speculations, let us now inquire what history, worthy of the name, actually says with regard to the antiquity of civilisation and settled government in Babylon.

The classical accounts, as it has been often shown,¶ fixed the era of the foundation of Babylon at B.C. 2230, or a very little earlier. Berosus, by a sudden change,** from exaggerated to unexaggerated numbers, implied a belief that real human history had its commencement at Babylon at a date which may have been as late as B.C. 2286, and cannot well have been earlier than B.C. 2458.|| The Septuagint numbers

indicate for the establishment of Nimrod's kingdom some such date as B.C. 2567. The Hebrew numbers lower this date by about 225 years. All these accounts agree in assigning the foundation of the Babylonian monarchy to the third millennium before the Christian era—B.C. 3000—2000; and all but one place it in the latter half of that millennium B.C. 2500—2000. The extreme limits of difference in the several accounts do not much exceed three centuries, the highest date being B.C. 2567, and the lowest B.C. 2230, or 337 years later.

A notice in the annals of Asshur-bani-pal, the son of Esarhaddon (about B.C. 651), tells of the invasion of Babylonia by an Elamite king 1,635 years earlier,* and appears to imply the existence in that country of a settled government and of great cities at the time of the invasion, or about A.D. 2286.

The general conclusions to be drawn from the entire series of Babylonian and Assyrian remains recently exhumed in Mesopotamia are the following. Babylon was conquered by the Assyrians in or about the year B.C. 1300,† and from that time until the revolt of Nabopolassar (about B.C. 610), was a secondary power, sometimes subject to Assyria, sometimes in revolt, but never dominant over any wide extent of country. Her greatness was in times anterior and in times subsequent to this period. With the subsequent period, that of the later Babylonian empire, B.C. 610—538, we have in this place nothing to do. Our business is with the earlier one. Babylon, before the Assyrian conquest of B.C. 1300, had been for a long time a very great power. Recent research has recovered the names of at least fifty-five monarchs‡ who bore sway in the country anterior to B.C. 1300. Of these fifty-five names twenty are thought to belong to a single dynasty—the dynasty which ruled immediately before the Assyrian conquest, and to which Berosus, who called it Arabian, assigned the duration of 245 years. It commenced with a king named Khammurabi, who dug canals,§ built palaces and temples, and left numerous memorials which remain to the present day. A bilingual inscription, which he set up in Babylonia, exists in the museum of the Louvre, and has been translated by M. Ménant and Mr. Fox Talbot.|| Khammurabi probably ascended the throne about B.C. 1545, and was succeeded by his son, Samshu-iluna, some twenty or thirty years later. His immediate predecessor was an Elamite monarch, Kudur-Mabuk, who has been sometimes identified with the Chedor-Laomer (Kudur-Lagamar) of Scripture,¶ but who was probably a different personage. This king, who, together with his son Rim-agu, or Ri-agu, exercised supremacy over the greater part of Southern Mesopotamia for the space of about thirty years, must have reigned from about B.C. 1575 to 1545. Previously to the

* See "Egypt's Place in Universal History," vol. iv., p. 479; and for the establishment of a Chaldean monarchy in Babylonia not much after B.C. 4000 see the same work, vol. iii., p. 451, vol. iv., p. 411, and vol. v., p. 77.

† *Ibid.*, vol. iii., p. 261, "There exists a strict chronology for the Babylonian empire dating back to the year 3784 B.C."

‡ As Syncellus ("Chronograph," p. 160).

§ Dr. Brandt calculated B.C. 2458 as the first year of Berosus' second or Median dynasty ("Rerum Assyriar. Temp. Emenudata," p. 17). If we were to add to this 225 years of Syncellus, we should obtain B.C. 2683 for the commencement of monarchy in Babylon. If an allowance were made for the reign of Pul, and 234 years (marginal reading) were adopted instead of 224 years (reading of text) for the second or Median dynasty, the date might be raised to about B.C. 2743.

|| The "years" of this dynasty have been regarded by some as "months"; but so counted they would amount to 2840 lunar, or 2765 solar years.

¶ See the author's "Herodotus," vol. i., essay vi., sect. 3, note 4, and compare the "Journal of the Royal Asiatic Society," vol. xv., p. 7 et seq.

** The dynasties of Berosus are arranged as follows:—

1st Dynasty.....	86 kings.....	34,030 years.
2nd ".....	8 ".....	224 (234) years.
3rd ".....	11 ".....	48 (?) years.
4th ".....	49 ".....	48 years.
5th ".....	9 ".....	245 years.
6th ".....	45 ".....	526 years.

See Euseb. "Chron. Can.," part i., c. 4.

†† The date B.C. 2286 is obtained by allowing twenty-eight years for the reign of Pul, who preceded Tiglath-Pileser, and thus obtaining as the last year of Berosus' sixth dynasty B.C. 775. To obtain B.C. 2458, we must omit the reign of Pul, and accept the conjecture of Gutschmid and Brandis, that the time which Berosus assigned to the third dynasty was 258, and not 48 years.

* See "Records of the Past," vol. i., p. 88, and compare Lenormant, "Manuel d'Histoire Ancienne de l'Orient," vol. ii., p. 24.

† Sennacherib places the conquest 600 years before his own recovery of the city, which was in B.C. 703.

‡ See the "Notes on the Early History of Assyria and Babylonia," recently published by Mr. George Smith (London, 1872).

§ On the doings of Khammurabi see M. Ménant's work, entitled, "Inscriptions de Khammourabi, Roi de Babylone," published at Paris in 1863; and compare the present writer's "Ancient Monarchs," vol. i., pp. 188-9, second edition, and Oppert's "Expédition en Mésopotamie," vol. i., pp. 267-8.

|| M. Ménant's translation will be found in the work quoted in the last note. Mr. Fox Talbot's latest version is published in the "Records of the past," vol. i., pp. 7, 8.

¶ This identification was first made by Sir H. Rawlinson. Chronology is against it, since we can scarcely bring the date of Abraham so low as B.C. 1575-1545. Otherwise it would be very tempting to conclude that Kudur-Mabuk=Chedor-Laomer, and that his son Rim-agu, or Ri-agu, was the Scriptural Arioch. Ri-agu was King of Larsa, which is probably the same as Ellasar.

conquest of Babylonia by Kudur-Mabuk, the country is thought to have been divided up among a number of petty kingdoms,* which were frequently at war with one another, as those of Agadi (or Accad), of Karak, Erech, Ur, and Larsa. The monarchs of this period have Semitic names. It is difficult to form any estimate of the length of time which their reigns covered. The number and succession of the names hitherto obtained would seem to indicate a period of from 250 to 300 years; but there is no certainty that the list of names is in any case complete, and future discoveries may require the period to be enlarged considerably. It is quite possible that the 458 years assigned by Berosus to the dynasty immediately preceding the Arabs† may represent the combined Semitic and Elamitic periods, in which case we should have to place the commencement of the Semitic period a little before B.C. 2000.‡

We have not, however, reached as yet the earliest date to which the Babylonian remains carry us. The Semitic is preceded by a Turanian period, during which there is the same division of the country among several distinct kingdoms, which we have noted as obtaining under the Semites. The seats of empire are now Babylon, Ur, Eridu, and Zerghul, the influence of Babylon and Ur preponderating. A space of about a century and a half is required by the list of names which have been recovered; but again, it is to be noted that this space is merely a minimum, and that fresh discoveries may at any time require us to enlarge it. There is, however, no reason to suppose that the enlargement required will be very great, or that we need allow for the Turanian period indicated by the monuments a longer duration of time than that which Berosus gave to his first and second historical dynasties. This space is unfortunately doubtful, being according to one estimate 282; according to another 482, or even 492, years.§ If we accept the largest of these numbers, we bring the commencement of the Babylonian kingdom to about B.C. 2500, or a little later; if we take the smallest, we reduce the date by 210 years.

This is the conclusion which seems to follow from a combination of the monumental history with the scheme of Berosus. From the monuments *alone* we should not be obliged to carry back the *origines* of Babylon further than about B.C. 2025.||

It remains to consider briefly the character of the civilisation which appears to have existed in Babylonia at this period (B.C. 2300—1300). The remains discovered belong to the entire space, to the early or Turanian time (B.C. 2300—2000), no less than to the Semitic period (B.C. 2000—1575), the Elamitic (B.C. 1575—1545), and the Arabian (B.C. 1545—1300). It is a civilisation which was at no time very advanced.¶ The buildings were of brick, partly sun-dried, partly baked; the great mass of the structure was usually of the former, the external

casing of the latter material. Sometimes buildings were composed entirely of unbaked bricks, in which case it was usual to interpose, at intervals of four or five feet, a layer of reed-matting, which protected the crude brick from the weather and retarded disintegration. The chief edifices were temples. In these the pyramidal form was, as a general rule, affected; but, instead of the slope being completed, the temple rose in a number of upright stages, which were not fewer than three, and may occasionally have amounted to seven. External ornamentation was by buttresses, by half-columns, by shallow stepped recesses, and sometimes by a patterning of terra-cotta cones. In the most elaborate façade which is left, we are told that "nothing can be more plain, more rude, or in fact more unsightly, than the decoration employed upon this front; but it is this very aspect, this very ugliness, which vouches for the originality of the style."** The column is used; but it is without cornice, capital, base, or diminution of shaft, "in groups of seven half-columns repeated seven times—the rudest perhaps which were ever reared, but built of moulded semicircular bricks, and securely bonded to the wall."† The arch occurs, but only in doorways of no great width, and scarcely as a decorative feature. It is, however, believed‡ that the great chambers, which were sometimes above thirty feet wide, were vaulted either with brick or with a mass of gypsum-plaster. Altogether, the architectural efforts of the early Babylonian people must be pronounced in the highest degree rude and primitive. The heavy massiveness of the walls, the coarseness of the material, the absence of ornamentation or its mean character, tell of a time when art was in its infancy,§ when ideas of beauty were undeveloped, and utility was all in all. So far as architecture goes, the Babylonians of B.C. 2300—2000 were not in a more advanced condition than the Mexicans before the Spanish invasion.

Another indication of extreme rudeness and *incipient* civilisation is to be found in the implements of the period, which are entirely either of stone or bronze.|| No iron implement has been found, though some may have existed, since iron occurs among the materials of personal ornaments. The weapons of the Babylonians, their spear-heads and arrow-heads, were of bronze; their tools and implements, such as hammers, hatchets, adzes, knives, sickles, nails, were either of bronze or stone. The workmanship of the stone implements is somewhat more advanced than that of those very primitive ones which have been found in the drift; but it is in no degree more skilled than that of the ordinary stone celts of Western and Northern Europe, which, until the examination of the drift and cave remains, were regarded as the most ancient products of human art in our quarter of the globe. The bronze implements have been cast in clay moulds, and are not ill-shaped. They are generally, no doubt, of later date than the stone ones; but their position in the remains appears to indicate that the two materials were, during a long term of years, in use together.

* So Mr. George Smith (see his "Notes" quoted above).

† See above, p. 187, note.

‡ The addition of 458 years to B.C. 1545, the probable first year of the fifth (Arab) dynasty, would produce the date B.C. 2008.

§ Two hundred and eighty-two, according to the *margin* of the Armenian Eusebius; 482, according to the conjectural emendation of Brandis (see p. 188, note); 492, if this emendation is combined with the *marginal* number for the second (Median) dynasty.

¶ This is allowing three centuries for the Semitic, and a century and a half for the previous Turanian period. For the former the lists give about twelve consecutive names; for the latter, six. The allowance of twenty-five years for a reign is ample.

|| For further details on this subject, see the present writer's "Ancient Monarchs," vol. i., pp. 71-102, and compare Loftus, "Chaldea and Susiana," pp. 164-192, and the "As. Soc. Journal," vol. xv.

* Loftus, "Chaldea and Susiana," p. 175.

† Ibid.

‡ Ibid., p. 181 and p. 183, note.

§ Mr. Loftus says, "The entire absence of cornice, capital, base, or diminution of shaft, so characteristic of other columnar architecture, and the peculiar and original disposition of each group in rows like palm logs, suggest the type from which they sprang. It is only to be compared with the style adopted by the aboriginal inhabitants of other countries, and was evidently derived from the construction of wooden edifices" (p. 175).

|| See the present writer's "Ancient Monarchs," vol. i., pp. 95-9, 2nd edition.

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In pottery, the early Babylonians exhibit some considerable skill and ingenuity. Clay was a material with which they must have been familiar from their original settlement in the country, and which, from the time when they first fashioned it into bricks,* they must have perceived to be adapted also for other purposes. In their earliest fictile art, there is neither elegance of form nor excellence of material. The clay used is of a coarse kind; it is mixed with chopped straw to give it cohesion; and it is roughly moulded by the hand into the required lamp or drinking vessel.† At a later time they learnt—or invented—the employment of the potter's wheel; they sought out and procured a finer clay, and they modelled vases, lamps, jugs, and amphoræ of a form and taste not much inferior to the ordinary workmanship of the Greeks. They also constructed clay coffins, remarkable for their size,‡ and pipes for drains, exhibiting a considerable knowledge of mechanical principles;§ but it is not certain that these works were of an earlier date than B.C. 1500.

Writing was known to the Babylonians from almost the earliest times of which any traces remain to us; but the writing was of a very rude and primitive kind. The letters show strong signs of having recently emerged out of hieroglyphics;|| they are coarsely and irregularly formed, and the sentences are of the simplest possible constitution.¶ The inscriptions preserved in no case much exceed half-a-dozen lines, and are of a formal and stereo-typed character. The civilisation indicated by the writings is thus one of a primitive and undeveloped type.

In two or three respects only can it be said that the Babylonians of the first period (B.C. 2300—2000) exhibit more than a rudimentary acquaintance with the arts and appliances which go to make up what moderns understand by civilised life. Among these are especially the engraving of hard gems, and the manufacture of delicate textile fabrics. Hard stones, well cut, bearing upon them representations of human forms fairly rendered, belong to almost the very earliest period whereto the monuments reach,*** and the figures upon these stones are clothed in dresses which are as elaborate as those of Nebuchadnezzar's age.†† It would seem that the art of working gems, of cutting them into shape with a wheel or disk, and of then engraving them with an iron implement dipped in emery powder, must have been a very early discovery of the Babylonian people. They must also, at a very remote date, have been able to weave linen, muslin, or silk, of a fine texture, and to construct dresses ‡‡ of these materials scarcely less elaborate than those worn in their palmiest days by the Egyptians and Assyrians.

Altogether, what strikes us most with respect to

the early civilisation of the Babylonians is its *unevenness*. Instead of that general diffusion over all the various departments of art and manufacture whereto we are accustomed, there was the most marked difference of degree, at one and the same time, with respect to different branches. Dress was elaborate, ornaments were tastefully wrought,* seal-engraving was carried to a high pitch of perfection, furniture was in some cases artistic,† while architecture stood at a low level, pottery was rude and inelegant, and stone was still the ordinary material for tools and implements. The general result indicates the combination of much natural intelligence with a somewhat brief term of experience, which has precluded the application of the natural gifts equally in all directions. The predominant aim has been rather to gratify the desires of the great and powerful than to ameliorate the condition of the working classes. Even the former object has been but partially accomplished, as if there had scarcely been time for thought to employ itself on more than a limited number of subjects. The civilisation reached is, on the whole, inferior to that of the early Egyptians. It seems to be, in its main features, independent of Egypt. Whether it is a little earlier or a little later, can scarcely be determined; but, on the whole, we are inclined to assign to Egypt the palm of antiquity.

ANTIQUARIAN GOSSIP ON THE MONTHS.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "BRITISH POPULAR CUSTOMS, PAST AND PRESENT."

March.

THE season of Lent, which commences, in the present year, on the 1st of this month, derives its name from *lengthen-tide*, a Saxon word for spring, so called from the lengthening of the day at this time. For the same reason, also, the month itself was called by our forefathers *lenet-monat*—that is, length-month. It should be observed that Ash Wednesday was not always celebrated as the first day of Lent, this season having originally commenced on what is now the first Sunday in Lent. When, however, it was discovered that on the Sundays being omitted as unlawful fast days, there remained only thirty-six days, Pope Gregory, in order to make up the proper time, caused Lent to begin four days earlier—viz., on Ash Wednesday. In a convocation held in the reign of Henry VIII, alluded to in Fuller's "Church History," p. 222, reference is made to the ceremony of "giving of ashes on Ash Wednesday to put in remembrance every Christian man the beginning of Lent and penance, that he is but ashes and earth, and thereto shall return." It appears that the ashes then used were generally made from palms consecrated on the Palm Sunday of the preceding year. Soon after the Reformation, this practice ceased entirely in our country, it being laid aside as a "vain show," and as inconsistent, too, with the simple worship of the Protestant Church. On the subject of fasting at this season, the poet Herrick has some pretty and practical lines, which we subjoin:—

" Is this a Fast, to keep
The larder leane,
And cleane,
From fat of veales and sheep ?

* "Ancient Monarchies," vol. I., p. 98.
† Ibid., p. 94.

* Gen. xi. 3.

† "Ancient Monarchies," vol. I., pp. 91, 92.

‡ Ibid., pp. 87—89. The "dish-cover" coffins are sometimes seven feet long, by two or three feet high, and are two feet and a half broad at the bottom. They are made in one piece.

§ Ibid., p. 90.

¶ Ibid., pp. 64, 65.

** They usually run as follows:—"Urukh, King of Ur, and king of the land of Accad has built the temple of Belus." "The signet of Urukh, the plough chief, King of Ur, high-priest of Niffer." By the time of Hammurabi, the legends are longer; but the constructions are scarcely more elaborate.

*** The signet cylinders of Urukh, and his son, Ilgi (or Dungi), two of the earliest kings of the first, or Turanian period, have been recovered by explorers. They are of the character described in the text. Many others of the cylinders to be found in all museums are probably as early or earlier.

†† See the author's "Ancient Monarchies," vol. I., p. 94; and compare Ker Porter, "Travels," vol. II., pl. 79, fig. 6.

‡‡ We have an instance of the export of one such dress to a distance from Babylon, and of the high value set upon it at a date which can scarcely be much less than B.C. 1500, in the story of Achan (Josh. vii. 21).

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Is it to quit the dish
Of flesh, yet still
To fill
The platter high with fish ?

Is it to fast an hour,
Or ragg'd to go,
Or show
A down-cast look and sower ?

No ; 'tis a fast to dole
Thy sheaf of wheat,
And meat,
Unto the hungry soule.

It is to fast from strife,
From old debate,
And hate ;
To circumcise thy life ;
To show a heart grief-rent,
To starve thy sin
Not bin ;
And that's to keep thy Lent."

At one time the beginning of Lent was marked by a curious custom now fallen into disuse. A figure, called "Jack o' Lent," and intended, according to some, to represent Judas Iscariot, was made up of straw and cast-off clothes, and then carried through the streets amid much noise and merriment; after which it was either shot at, burnt, or thrown down a chimney. Thus, in Quarles' "Shepherd's Oracles," 1646, p. 88, we read :—

" How like a Jack a Lent
He stands, for boys to spend their Shrove-tide throws,
Or like a puppit made to frighten crows."

And again, in Ben Jonson's "Tale of a Tub" the custom is alluded to :—

" On an Ash Wednesday,
When thou did'st stand six weeks the Jack o' Lent,
For boys to hurl three throws a penny at thee."

Formerly, during the season of Lent, an officer, known as "the king's cockerowen," crowed the hour every night within the precincts of the palace, instead of proclaiming it in the customary manner. In connection with this practice the following amusing anecdote is related :—On the first Ash Wednesday after the accession of the House of Hanover, as the Prince of Wales, afterwards George II, was sitting down to supper, this officer suddenly entered the apartment, before the chaplain had said grace, and crowed "past ten o'clock." The astonished prince, imperfectly understanding the English language, and mistaking the tremulation of the assumed crow for mockery, concluded that this ceremony was meant as an insult, and forthwith rose to resent it, when, with some difficulty, he was made to understand the nature of the custom, and that it was intended as a compliment, and was in accordance with court etiquette. From this time the custom was discontinued. "The intention of crowing the hour of the night," says a correspondent of the "Gentleman's Magazine" (1785, vol. Iv., p. 341), "was no doubt intended to remind waking sinners of the august effect the third crowing of the cock had on the guilty apostle St. Peter; and the limitation of the custom to the season of Lent was judiciously adopted, as, had the practice continued throughout the year, the impenitent would become as habituated and as indifferent to the crow of the mimic cock as they are

to that of the real one, or to the cry of the watchman."

At Dijon, in Burgundy, it is the custom, we read, upon the first Sunday in Lent to make large fires in the streets, whence it is called Firebrand Sunday. "This practice," says Brand ("Popular Antiquities," 1849, vol. i., p. 100), "originated in the processions formerly made on that day by the peasants with lighted torches of straw, to drive away, as they termed it, the bad air from the earth."

The 1st of this month is observed by the Welsh in honour of St. David, their patron saint, when it is customary for them to wear a leek, as a sign and token of their patriotism. In the "Diverting Post" (No. 19, 1705) we have the following amusing lines on the subject :—

" Why, on St. David's Day, do Welshmen seek,
To beautify their hat with verdant leek
Of nauseous smell ? 'For honour 'tis,' hur say,
' Dulce et decorum est pro patria,'
Right, sir, to die or fight it is, I think ;
But how is 't dulce, when you for it stink ?"

Much doubt exists as to the reason why the leek is worn on this day, and although innumerable causes have been assigned, yet none of them seem by any means satisfactory. Some think that the practice took its rise from a victory obtained by Cadwallo over the Saxons, on the 1st of March, 640, when the Welsh wore leeks in their hats to distinguish them from their enemies. Shakespeare makes the custom to have originated at the Battle of Cressy. In the play of Henry V, Act iv, sc. 7, Fluellen, addressing the monarch, says :—

" Your grandfather of famous memory, an't please your Majesty, and your great uncle, Edward the Plack Prince of Wales, as I have read in the Chronicles, fought a most prave pattle here in France.

" *K. Hen.*—They did, Fluellen.

" *Flu.*—Your Majesty says very true. If your Majesty is remembered of it, the Welshmen did goot service in a garden where leeks did grow, wearing leeks in their Monmouth caps, which your Majesty knows to this hour is an honourable badge of the service ; and I believe your Majesty takes no scorn to wear the leek upon St. Tavy's Day."

As Hone, however, justly remarks, this allusion by Fluellen to the Welsh having worn the leek in a battle under the Black Prince, is not, as some suppose, decisive of its having originated in the fields of Cressy or Poictiers, but simply shows that when Shakespeare wrote Welshmen wore leeks.

Owen, in his "Cambrian Biography" (1803, p. 86), thinks that the wearing of the leek found its origin in the custom of *Cymhortha*, or the neighbourly aid, practised among farmers. "In some districts of South Wales," says he, "all the neighbours of a small farmer without means appoint a day when they all attend to plough his land and the like; and at such a time it is a custom for each individual to bring his portion of leeks, to be used in making pottage for the whole company, and they bring nothing else but the leeks in particular for the occasion."

From "Poor Robin's Almanack" for 1757, it seems that formerly a Welshman was burnt in effigy on this day :—

" But it would make a stranger laugh
To see th' English hang poor Taff :"

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A pair of breeches, and a coat,
Hat, shoes, and stockings, and what not,
All stuffed with hay, to represent
The Cambrian hero thereby meant,
With sword sometimes three inches broad,
And other armour made of wood,
They drag hur to some publick tree,
And hang hur up in effigy."

Pepys, in his "Diary," probably alludes to this custom. He says, "In Mark Lane I do observe (it being St. David's Day) the picture of a man dressed like a Welshman, hanging by the neck upon one of the poles that stand out at the top of the merchants' houses, in full proportion, and very handsomely done, which is one of the oddest sights I have seen a good while."

In days gone by, too, St. David's Day was observed by royalty. Among the household expenses of the Princess Mary for the year 1544, we find an entry of a gift of fifteen shillings to the Yeomen of the King's Guard for bringing a leek to her Grace on St. David's Day. In the "Flying Post" of 1699 occurs the following paragraph:—"Yesterday, being St. David's Day, the king, according to custom, wore a leek in honour of the Ancient Britons, the same being presented to him by the sergeant-porter, whose place it is, and for which he claims the clothes his Majesty wore that day. The courtiers, in imitation of his Majesty, wore leeks likewise."

The 5th of March, says Hitchins (History of Cornwall, 1844, vol. i., p. 725), is kept by the tanners in Cornwall as a holiday, which they call St. Piran's Day. This, by a custom established from time immemorial, sanctions a complete suspension from all labour, because, according to tradition, St. Piran is supposed to have communicated some important information relative to the tin manufacture.

St. Patrick's Day, which occurs on the 17th of this month, is universally observed in Ireland, when every one is expected to wear the Shamrock, or small white clover (*trifolium repens*).² Old women, we are told, may be heard in every direction, crying, "Buy my shamrock, green shamrocks!" and even children have "Patrick's crosses" pinned to their sleeves. The origin of this custom is ascribed to St. Patrick, who, when preaching to the Pagan Irish, is said to have made use of the shamrock, bearing three leaves upon one stem, as an illustration of the doctrine of the Trinity.

The 25th of March is celebrated as the festival of the Annunciation, in commemoration of the message of the angel Gabriel to the Virgin Mary. It was anciently called St. Mary's Day in Lent, to distinguish it from other festivals observed in her honour. It should be observed, however, that all the festivals of the Virgin are properly Lady-Days; but as this falls in Lent, and is the first quarter-day for rents and other payments, it consequently became Lady-Day *par excellence*. (Hampson's "Med. Evi. Kalend.", vol. i., p. 206.)

Gascoigne, in his "Flowers of Poesie" (1575), notices some old customs in connection with the payment of quarterly rents:—

"And when the tenantes come to paie their quarter's rent,
They bring some fowle at Midsummer, a dish of fish in Lent,

² A correspondent of "Notes and Queries" (4th S., vol. III., p. 225) says the *trifolium filiforme* is worn at Cork. In the "Cyclopaedia Hibernica" (1806, p. 73) it is stated that in Dublin the *Medicago lupulina* is sold as the shamrock.

At Christmasse a capon, at Michaelmasse a goose,
And somewhat else at New Yeare's tide, for fear their lease
fie loose."

The fourth Sunday in Lent, which falls this year on the 26th of March, is better known as Simnel, Mid-Lent, or Mothering Sunday. The term *Simnel* was no doubt applied to it from the ancient practice of making Simnel cakes at this season. Thus Herrick, in his "Hesperides," in a sonnet addressed to Diana, says:—

"I'll to thee a Simnel bring,
'Gainst thou go'st a mothering;
So that, when she blesseth thee,
Half that blessing thou'l give me."

It is still customary in Herefordshire and Shropshire, and especially at Shrewsbury, to make *Simnel cakes* not only during Lent and Easter, but also at Christmas. At Bury, in Lancashire, it appears that thousands of persons come from all parts for the purpose of eating "Simnels" on Simnel Sunday.

Formerly, we learn from a correspondent of the "Gentleman's Magazine" (1866, vol. i., p. 535), nearly every shop was open, with all the public-houses, quite in defiance of the law respecting the closing during "service," but of late the disorderly scenes to which the custom gave rise have been partially amended. The practice of assembling upon one day—the middle Sunday in Lent—to eat Simnel cake, is a custom wholly confined to Bury. Numerous explanations have been given to account for the meaning of the word *Simnel*. According to some the father of Lambert Simnel, the pretender of the reign of Henry VII, was a baker, and the first maker of Simnels, and that the cakes have in consequence retained his name. From another account it seems that "in the old part of the town of Bury, called 'the Island' (a plot of land nearly isolated from the Irwell), there formerly resided an old couple, who kept a small 'toffy-shop,' which was famous among the school-boys, etc., for a peculiar, and, to them, excellent kind of sweet cake. The names of this old couple were Simon and Ellen, but, according to common Lancashire parlance, they were usually addressed as Sim and Nell, and thus the cake came to be called 'Sim and Nell's' cake, easily corrupted to Simnel cake."³

The term "Mothering Sunday" arose from the practice once customary of servants, apprentices, and others, presenting their parents with presents on this day. The custom was called *going a-mothering*, and originated in the offering made at the mother church. In the "Gentleman's Magazine" (1784, vol. iv., p. 98) a correspondent tells us "that whilst he was an apprentice, the custom was to visit his mother (who was a native of Nottinghamshire) on Mid-Lent Sunday (thence called Mothering Sunday) for a regale of excellent furmety."

In many parts of Lancashire a sort of spiced ale, called Braggot or Braggat, was used on these visits of relations, and the day was called, in consequence, Braggot Sunday.

In the north of England, and also in the Midland Counties, the following names are given to the Sundays in Lent:—

"Tid, Mid, Misers,
Carling, Palm, Paste Egg-day."

³ For another account, consult "Book of Days," vol. i., p. 237.

Varieties.

OWEN AND DARWIN.—Professor Owen has lately published the results of his elaborate examination of the case relied on by the Darwinians in support of the doctrine of natural selection, and finds a verdict of "not proven." The great difficulty, or one of the numerous great difficulties, in the way of Darwinism, is the getting over the fences separating *orders* as well as species. It had been, until now, assumed that in the case of birds this difficulty had been overcome by the passage of an extinct genus—the *Dinosaurs*—having an intermediate bony framework, and possessing such similarity of structure to the tribe of birds with inconsiderable wings, that a progression from reptile to bird was within the conception of scientific imagination. Professor Owen, in his report on the "Fossil Reptilia of the Kimmeridge Clay," published in the twenty-seventh volume of the works of the Paleontographical Society (December, 1875), dispels the illusion. He shows that osteology forbids the supposition that an ostrich was evolved from an iguanodon. He speaks on the general subject of evolution with less certainty than on former occasions: "I regret to say that after all that has been advanced since 1849 in the endeavour to elucidate the way in which one species may be transmuted to another, I am still in need of light."

MR. GLADSTONE ON SABBATH OBSERVANCE.—In reply to an application for some words of introduction to a prize essay on the social and national benefits of the day of rest, Mr. Gladstone has given a strong personal testimony to the advantages of this divine institution:—"Believing in the authority of the Lord's Day as a religious institution, I must, as a matter of course, desire the recognition of that authority by others. But over and above this, I have myself, in the course of a laborious life, signally experienced both its mental and its physical benefits. I can hardly overstate its value in this view, and for the interest of the working men of this country alike in these and in other yet higher respects, there is nothing I more anxiously desire than that they should more and more highly appreciate the Christian day of rest."

CROMWELL'S STATUE AT MANCHESTER.—The statue has been modelled by Mr. Noble, who but for ill-health would have personally superintended its erection. The figure stands upon a granite pedestal, consisting of a solid block, rough-hewn, from the quarries of Messrs. Feeney and Sons, at Penryn, Cornwall. Nothing could be more appropriate to the character of the man whose effigy it supports than this. The Protector is represented in military dress of the style peculiar to the Commonwealth. He wears a broad sash and a sword, the hilt of which he grasps with his right hand, the attitude being that of one engaged in debate. The features, wearing an expression of stern dignity, are finely delineated. The head is uncovered, the hat of the Protector lying at his feet. Her Majesty the Queen and several members of the royal family saw the model before it left the hands of the sculptor, and expressed their high admiration of it. It has cost, with the pedestal, we understand, about £1,600, the cost of the granite block alone being £300. The composition of the metal is nine parts of copper to one of tin—the composition of ordinary gun metal; and the casting was entrusted to, and has been very successfully performed by, Messrs. Cox and Sons, of Thames Ditton. The figure is nine feet high, and weighs upwards of a ton. The pedestal weighs sixteen tons, and rises nine feet from the ground. It was transported the entire distance from Penryn by rail. It bears the simple inscription "Oliver Cromwell," with the years of his birth and death; and below, in characters so small as to be almost invisible, these words: "The gift of Elizabeth Salisbury Heywood to the citizens of Manchester, August, 1875." This date occurs from the fact that the statue was expected to be completed and placed in position in the month of August, or earlier. The delay which has occurred was not foreseen when the inscription was cut.

CRIMEAN SCENERY.—I do not think it is at all generally known in England that more than a hundred miles in length of the south coast of the Crimea is one prolonged scene of majestic and romantic beauty, entranced in a climate of Italian softness, and offering visions of life that vary in gradation from the imperial court down to the humblest Tartar home. It is quite true, no doubt, that some English naval officers and some yachtsmen and yachtwomen visit Yalta, and move eastward and westward along the sunny shores and through the mountain

shadows. A few occasional visitors from our country also now visit the new Yalta Hotel, drive westward past the Livadian palaces and eastward through Ursuf, and on to Alushta, returning at eve to see moon or stars shine down on the beautiful little bay—beautiful, rather, however, to the eye of him who looks from the shore than to his eye who from the deck sees the first wave raised by the rising gale roll into the harbourless anchorage. It ought also to be said that your correspondent, Dr. Russell, after the close of the siege of Sebastopol, drove through the Baidar Valley and the Gate of Phoros, and along part of this coast, and bore eloquent testimony to its majesty and beauty. But his road was beset with difficulties, his drive interrupted by many labours, and he mentions but part of the way; so that even his pen has not sufficiently made known the attractions of this romantic shore. Mine shall not even attempt to do so, but I may be forgiven for again mentioning their existence. The whole of this coast for more than the hundred miles I have named teems with interest—historic, geologic, ethnologic, and other. Greeks, Turks, Genoese, and all kinds of Tartars have been here leading their lives and bequeathing their records, and spreading their petty deeds and memories like moss or lichens over the grey and ancient rocks, which slope upwards from the sea for a few thousand yards inland, and then tower grandly and steeply to the clouds. Yalta, which is the central point of this lovely region, is a most curious and charming little town. The buildings within it are formed and grouped picturesquely, and the villas of the environs, which chiefly belong to the Russian nobility, present specimens of architecture which, while very various, are also very unlike what the eye is accustomed to in our own country. On the shore you see seafaring men from all the Black Sea ports of Russia and Turkey, including of course those of the Caucasus, and in the shops are a thousand reminders of your being far from Western Europe. Livadia, which is barely a couple of miles from Yalta westwards, is an estate of the Empress of Russia, and is a group of woods, vineyards, and imperial palaces, and beyond Livadia are yet Orianda and another imperial palace or two, and farther on still is the largest and most pretentious building of all at Alupka, the residence of Prince Woronzoff, whose father did so much for Southern Russia.—E. J. Reed, M.P., in the "Times."

WILD CATTLE AT CHARTLEY CASTLE.—In Mr. Buckland's "Log Book," speaking of the few herds of wild cattle, he mentions only two—one at Hamilton Palace and one at Chillingham Park—and amongst the places where they were, "Chertley," Staffordshire. Properly this should be "Chartley," and there is still a herd there, though a small one, and Earl Ferrers, the owner of Chartley Castle, is at some trouble to keep it pure. Being the widow of the former medical attendant of the Ferrers family, having lived in the district more than twenty years, and been in the habit of taking my visitors to see the cattle as one of the curiosities of the neighbourhood, I venture to tell you all I know about them, in the hope that it may be interesting. The Chartley cattle are sandy white or cream-colour, with black ears and muzzles, long white horns tipped with black. There is a tradition that the herd will never exceed a certain number—I don't know what; but years ago one keeper who took a great interest in them told us he got them far beyond; that since then, I think, they have decreased slightly. There is also a tradition that within a year of the birth of a black or spotted calf, one of the family of Ferrers will die. The truth is, most years one such at least is born; but if so, put away, and nothing said about it. But a brown or brown-and-white has never been born, so far as I can learn, which speaks for the purity of the breed. There is one little peculiarity I must mention—the fondness the cattle show for a black calf when one is born; not only the mother seems delighted, but the herd assemble round and "make a great fuss with it." On great occasions of rejoicing in the Ferrers family sometimes one or two may be killed. The flesh is fine-grained, rather dark in colour, and has a slightly venison flavour; in short, is about as much like beef as venison is like mutton. The park in which they feed is about a thousand acres in extent, remaining, for the most part, in the same wild condition which it presented centuries ago. It is said William de Ferrers, about the middle of the thirteenth century, caused some of the wild cattle of the country, which had hitherto roamed at large in the forest of Needwood, to be driven into this park.—E. Tylecote, in "Land and Water."

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